

A Pedigree.

A tale of the Gibson Man I'll tell, And how he met his fate. Now the Gibson Man was a Howling Swell

And he always dressed exceedingly well; And his height was six feet, eight. One day he met a Beardsley girl, Who set his manly heart awhirl, She was dressed in a splash, With a splotch for a sash,

And her hair in a snaky curl.

They met by chance in a motley crowd, The Gibson Man politely bowed, The Beardsley smiled in queer designs, And writhed herself in eccentric lines And when she began

To swirl her fan e captured the heart of the Gibson Man.

Well, he made the Beardsley girl his And they both lived happily all their

life. And their dear little children are perfect jewels They're seen in pictures of Peter Ne-

Carolyn Wells in the August "Brown Book of Boston.'

The Era of Too Plain Speech.

A writer in the New York Evening Post deprecates the too great freedom permitted in society in the pres-

ent day, and says:
"Calling a sape a spade" may have its
advantages, but if we use the respectable to cover a rough and merciless discussion the laying bare of all manner of evil things, it is seriously to be questioned whether bumanity at large gains by this habit.
"spade" we mean the bold use

of speech to freely talk of diseases and every type of bodily suffering, we are surely not enriching the thought nor en-livening the mind, nor adding to the of ill-manners to talk of pains and aches, their causes and results, except to the physicians and those to whom close relation gave a right to appeal for sympathy, or whose love or friendship demanded a true statement of conditions. Nowadays in any public place, well-dressed people, speaking a cultivated speech, will while away the ennul of an speech, will write away the white was hours travel by minutely comparing notes on digestive processes, or describ-ing with careful detail the horrors of a surgical operation.

A Word of Warning.

The Boston Transcript gives a warning to women who fain would have a fashionable figure. The Transcript says: The woman to whom nature has pres-

so fashlonable, wants to give thanks line by artificial means for any length dencies is loaded with material for an additional charter to the "Inferno." tumblers. Now, take the silver and put There is a scientific name for the trouble it all together with the bowls of the which follows a long continued process of securing stiff stays, by unrelenting blades of the knives, pointing one way, but it has escaped the preent scribe just this purpose. The plates should next at this time. The warning, however, is not to be forgotten, and so the word is passed along to any woman who is experiencing back-aches and side-aches hitherto unknown to her to "watch out" ed when done to find how quickly and see whether or not she is sacrificing has been accomplished, how clean y hitherto unknown to her to "watch out" considerable comfort as well as health to an endeaver, occasionally successful, to look like her more fortunate sister, who can have her waist line anywhere fashion dictates without the least difficulty.

Women in Cornell.

Concerning the proceedings of the International Council of Women, which recently met in Paris in secret session, writes in Harper's Bazar as follows:

The feeling was strong and manimous that the unfortunate wars in which England in one part of the world, and the United States in another, are engaged. far from excusing the council from an bow it is or maybe you don't either. I

creasing on every hand, these unhappy facts must quicken the consciences of women, to realize their share of respon-

sibility in international relationships. tee was that selfishness and ignorance, the greed that is the fruit of the one, and the prejudice which is the result of the other of these sentiments, are the causes of wars. The ecadication of selfishness from the national conscience is as certainly the work of education as is its suppression in the individual conscience. This idea is the key-note of the International Council of Women's work in behalf of peace and arbitration

The Art of Washing Dishes,

Two large dish-pans are absolutely necessary for the proper washing of the dishes. One of these should be two-thirds full of water as hot as the hand can bear, with sufficient soap added to make a strong suds. The other dishpan should be filled with clean water

AT FRANTIC CITY.



"What made Augustus leave so unexpectedly?"
"His tailor came down to stay over till Monday.

just off the boiling point. Several perfeetly clean cloths of soft, fine Russia crash and an equally clean dish-cloth for washing the dishes should be at hand. A clean tray of rather generous size for draining the dishes and a tray upon which the dishes may be placed when dried, are all absolutely necessary for the proper performance of this duty. Before beginning to wash the dishes, clear the dining table, and see that all the dishes are at hand. Next empty the tumblers and stand them in place on the table. Next put all the saucers in a pile, and place the emptied cups by the tumblers. Now, take the silver and put be scraped perfectly clean; then the platters and the vegetable dishes put in their places. You are now ready to begin your work, and you will be surpriswash-water stal is, and, above all, how bright and sparkling are your dishes and sliver-ware.-Philadelphia Record.

Electric Spark.

The young lineman twirled his hat in his hands in an agitated manner and spoke in a voice that seemed to have a

andency to get away from him. "Millie, the fact is, I-I-there's something I've been wanting to tell you for a long time, but I can't seem to fetch it. long time, but I can't seem to letter it.
When you look at me like that, you
know, it breaks me all up. I've been
coming here so long that I oughtn't to
be afraid, I reckon, but—but you know
the state of the long that it is the long that I oughtn't of the long the long that I oughtn't to
be afraid, I reckon, but—but you know

"""."

SHE KNEW.

"Millie!"



"They say Fred Towne has lost the u se of his arms." z "Indede he hasn't; he called on me last evening."

Here he came to a dead stop. "Millie!" he exclaimed, in desperation, 'I'm short circuited; I've burned out a luse!"

"Why, of course I will, you foolish And love's current flowed unobstructedly again, lighting up with its pur radiance the rose-embowered pathway that, etc, etc.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The New Moon.

The moon lay low in the sky, with one star behind her—
A sickle of silver made sharp for the harvest of God. None acknowledged her yet and none de-

For the harvest was still unripe and the press untrod-Grapes of the vintage of war and the an-ger of God.

The moon lay white in the sky and the stars above her Steadfast stood, and their light was as ght as hers; Orion's sword lay bare, and the Night, her Talked of old wars, and the clouds rose

up to cover e smoke from a half-dead fire Her fa one stirs.

The moon was sad in the sky, and the hosts of heaven-Star-folk helmed in sliver and shod with light, Veiled their shining faces with clouds

wind-driven:
And the peace of the night with the cry
of the wind was riven.
And prone on the threshold of heaven the
moon lay white. -Nora Hooper, in the Westminster Gazette.

A Study of Costume,

Young Mrs. Torkins was in the mu-lim looking at a group representing ome Pacific Islanders. "Interesting, aren't they?" he commented.
"Yes," she answered, "but don't you think they carry their rainy-day skirt idea a little too far, Charlie, dear?"—Washington Star.

Not Worldly at All,

"My dear," began the milister's wife, there's a bonnet down at the milling." There you go again," he interrupted; always thinking of worldly things," "But, my dear, you wrong me," she aid. "This bonnet is perfectly heaven-Stray Stories

One of the Perils of the Game. Ida-Elmore received a terrible insult

y-What was It? lay—What was It; la—Why, an old lady saw the handle his goif clubs projecting from the transport of the same of the same of the same transport of the same of the same of the same transport of the same of the same of the same transport of the same of the same of the same transport of the same of the same of the same of the same transport of the same of the same of the same of the same transport of the same of

The South Wind.

Made of a mist of jewels, The soth on a wondrous wing. Sang to the South-wind, "Oh, lift me In your skley wandering! And the beautiful vagrant at dew-fall Fluttered a broken thing.

And the live-coal whispered the Southwind,
"Fan me to life, I pray;

Blow me to large and spiendid flame
Bright as the plumes of day!"
And white and dead, when the wind had
passed, The ash of the live-coal lay.

And the red rose breathed to the South-

"So sweet these gardens are, Fain would I send my fragrance Into some farther star. And the wind, for the burden stooping, Tore her, and scattered her far.

And the lady sighed to her lover, "Love me, love, while you may! Though the cup of loss be bitter When the trembling lip is gray, I shall have drunk deep of gladness; I shall have had my day!" -Harriet Prescott Spofford in Frank Les-

In Prohibitionville. "Now, Edmund, remember—" "Remember what?"

you don't get home till late-"Well, go on; will you sit up to scold

me?
"No; but there won't be a speck of ice in the ice chest."-Indianapolis Journal.

And So She Went Forth. The moment had come for the maider

the ancient ballade to escape from the battlemented tower.
"But," she faltered, shrinking suddenly back, "my hair is not sufficiently luxuriant to serve me in the stead of attire!" The good fairy, who was nothing if not esourceful, bethought herself to hark

forward a few centuries There is enough of it to pass for a rainy tume!" cried the good fairy, in all confidence.

Hereupon there seemed to be no reason why the regular programme should not be proceeded with.-Detroit Journal.

Sunshine a Good Hair Tonic.

Women sometimes appear to quite for-get that ther huir is their crown of glory and that if they neglect to keep it nice no amount of money spent on elegant tollets will make them present a pleas-ant appearance. Hair may look fluffy and carelessly arranged, and yet show that it is well cared for. Some faces, indeed, require an apparently careless style of hairdressing, but this effect must be brought out with art, and never by

A good tonic for the hair is sunshine and fresh air. The Greek girls who sat on the city walls and gave their hair daily sunbath were wise. The modern women can't exactly follow their example, but at any matter but, at any rate she can refrain from tightly braiding her har at night and can leave it loose so that the air may get to it.. Then when she washes her hair, which in summer should not be less often than once a fortnight, she can sit in a sunny window till it is dry. Sunshine does not dry the scalp as arti-ficial heat is bound to do, but it gives life and vigor to the hair.-Boston Journal,

The Fund of Information Bore 'He may be a little tedious at time, but "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "there's no doubt of it. He takes so much time to tell every little fact that there is no danger of the supply ever giving out."

ington Star.

We declare him an adjective ass.



COUNTESS HELENA. A novel, by Gertrude Hague. New York: G. W. Dellingham Company. Bound in cloth, 10 mo. 317 pages; price, \$1.50. For sale by The Bell Book and Stationery Company, Elchmond.

This book professes to be the story of the life of a woman of the German nobility and presents many supposed scenes from German life, It is really a libel on German character. There is not a chaste woman in the story, save one, and

chaste woman in the story, save one, and she, poor soull goes crazy.

The men are no better than the wo-men, most of them dissipated ones, with no sense of honor or chivalry. There is absolutely no well-defined plot, and the story is not even sufficiently piquant

entertaining. to be entertaining.

The characters are mere wooden figures, without life or individuality. Possibly there may be a few characters among the German nobility such as our author pictures, but they certainly cannot be sufficiently numerous to be considered as a

notive type. Duntess Helena" certainly belongs to that class of stories, alas, too numerous! which were better unwritten, and which ve can only hope may speedily pass into

STORIES OF THE RAILROAD, by Jno. A Hill. Chicago: Jamieson-Higgins Company. Paper; illustrated; price, 50 cents. This volume consists of nine short stor-ies relating to the adventures of the knights of the throttle. If we mistake not several of these have already appeared in McClure's Magazine. They are mixtures of humor and pathos, comedy and tragedy, and the details of everyday life on an engine, and through most of them runs the golden thread of romance which brightens their work-a-day world. It is a collection of well-told stories, calling attention to the dangers and heroism of a class of workers of whom the genera public knows little, and yet upon whose devotion to duty the lives of many daily

THE CRADLE OF THE REPUBLIC— JAMESTOWN AND JAMES RIVER, by Lyon G. Tyler. Whittet & Shepper-son, Richmond, Va., Publishers.

depend.

This is more than a guide book. It is the work of a scholar on the historic claces from the head of tidewater on the places from the head of tidewater or, the James River to the sea. All of its statements can be accepted without question. It tells us all there is to tell about Jamestown and Jamestown Island, in a most satisfactory way. Strangers, as well as citizens, will find the book exceedingly valuable. There is no headland between Richmond and the Atlantic without a name. One would often like to know what the origin of some of the rather peculiar names. Take for example "Willoughby Spit." opposite Old Point Comfort, on Chesapeake Bay, and we find (p. 120) that its correct name is "Willoughby's Sand-Spit," "named from Col. Thomas Willoughby, a member of the Council from 1644 to 1650. He belonged to the family of Lord Willoughby, Governor of Barbadoes. His descendants are numerous." The author very properly gives the real date, by the present mode of computing time, of the landing at Jamestown, May 24th, and not May 14th, 1607, (p. 23) and calls attention to the difference between the old and new style. James River to the sea. All of its state

between the old and new style.

All that is known of Jamestown is to be found within the covers of "The Cradle of the Republic." It's complete as a Baedethe Republic. It is complete as a Baede-ker, and yet it is much more than a guide book, for it was a labor of love for the scholarly author. It is as well printed and bound as if it had been gotten out by one of our great publishing houses and it the author. Prof. Tyler has never done a better piece of work.

Literary Notes.

Anthony Hope has just finished reading which is to be published early in Septem-

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is now just finshing a novel upon which he has been at work during the past eight years barracks) the story of a Llama priest and his young disciple, "Little Friend of all the World." . . .

Lillian Bell's new novel. "The Expatriates," which is now in active preparation at Harper & Brothers', is written upon entirely different lines from those follows. lowed by this author's former work, "Love Affairs of an O'd Maid," and "As Seen by Me." In fact, it may be said to be wed by this author's Miss Bell's first genuine novel.

In "The Bacillus of Beauty," which they erick A. Stokes Co. claim to have that rarest of all books, a novel with a fresh and unhackneyed plot and treatment. It tells the story of a young girl from the West, who is made the subject of an ex-periment by a Professor in Barnard Colege, which transforms her into the most beautiful woman in the world.

"The Lane That Has no Turning" is the title of a new book by Mr. Gilbert Parker, which will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. in the autumn. It is a dramatic story of Quebec, Mr. Parker's favorite literary hunting-ground, and will be the first book published by Mr. Parker since 1836. Parker since 1893.

A beautiful little volume of verse bearing the attractive title of "In Cupid's Court," will shortly be issued with R. H. Russell's imprint. Miss Ina Rus-selle Warren has collected a number selle Warren has collected a number of lyric and love poems by ancient and cars they are being put in dainty form, with Cupid running rife in borders, and full page reproductions of pictures of Raphael, Guercino and Franceschini.

Sir Walter Besant's new novel, "The Fourth Generation," is to be published al-most immediately. He writes to his American publishers that the book is a romance of modern days, the motif of which is the apparent injustice contained in the visiation of the father's sins upon the chil

Why He Collapsed, "What," he exclaimed as he hurried to where the crowd had gathered, "was the

ambulance called for?"
"They've just taken a man away in a precarious condition."

"Do you know what happened to him?"
"It was a case of heart disease. He had
made an appointment to meet his wife here on this corner at 3 o'clock precisely. 'Yes?" "He got here exactly on time.

"And he had to run so hard to do this that his heart went back on him?"
"No. He didn't run at all. He found the waiting when he got here."-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It Generally Does Come to Pass. We ask a dear friend, when we find him *alone. For his private opinion, mayhap,

own. He's a mighty intelligent chap. But if his advice isn't what we expect, Or, say, if it should e'er come to pass Our own cherished notions he'll calmly

-Pick-Me-Up.

CURRENT LITERATURE FOR BUSY READERS

On the Links.

She is surpassing fair, and so I linger still her face to see And oft I sigh, for well I know She dreams of golf and not of me. I seek to babble and be gay: Her eye from mine no rapture drinks; I cannot lure her thoughts away; Her mind is ever on the links.

I brought a book; 'twas leathern bound; I'd ever slighted it before; Its pages yellow, yet profound,
Were filled with zoolog c lore.
"What creature, pray, do you like best?"

Quoth I. (My voice to pathos sinks.) She smiles and says: "More than the rest I think I should prefer the lynx. An hour we wandered through the grove:

I said that I'd her caddle be If she would but consent to rove A little while that way with me. The birds sing loud. "What birds," I cry, "Are sweetest to your ear?" The minx, Without a pause, gives me reply "My favor te birds are bob-o-links."

And then I turned to literature, My heart awoke to cynic glee, For on that topic I was sure
Her thoughts by mine must guided be 'What books most please your gentle

Her stendfast eye she never winks. I'm vanquished. I retire in haste. She simply answers, "Macterlinck's," -Philander Johnson, in The Smart Set.

Club Life in China.

Club life is not confined to civil zed Western countries. The rich Chinaman has had his club for centuries, and, as a rule, in the elegance und splendor of the internal decorations there is nothing comparable with it in London or New York. Most of the larger Chinese cities, like Canton or Peking, contain a club for mandarins and rich men with pretensions to rank. Some have u political taint, some are merely social, but all have one peculiar feature. This is a room or oratory set strictly apart for religious exercises. In the oratory the image of a Chinese god is placed. From time to time members of the club enter the sanctuary to offer their devotions. Apparently it is no uncommon thing at the beginning or successful engine of a great enterprise, such cessful ending of a great enterprise—such as, say, the murder of an enemy or the consummation of a political conspiracy— to see a Chinaman historing from the secular part of his club bearing a rich ffering, or a prayer, for the god in the lub sanctuary.

He observes his devotions with a gravity that bears witness to his sincerity. Some devout Chinamen visit the god the moment they enter the club building, and again prostrate themselves the last thing before leaving. The club god is not usualy a war divinity, but now, in the centers where the Boxers hold sway undisturbed, it is more than probable that the Boxer god has been placed in all the clubs.—The London Mail.

Modern Church Music, Within a hundred years the methods of

thurch administrator and work have thanged materially. It has not been a change involving catastrophe, but one of growth. Consider the single item of church music. Well-nigh the distance of a diameter lies between the church music of the beginning and the end of the century. Recall the dismal hymns, lined out to more dismal tunes, and the dreary further as dull and involved as an Indian fugues, as dull and involved as an Indian medicine dance. Our fathers did not rise up on a certain day and say: "Hence-forth we are done with them!" But as the musical cultivation of the people advanced, church music perforce shared in he general movement. It is sadly true that bigotry has succeeded in holding that algory has saccreted in holding the church pretty steadily to the rear of the dvancing column, but no institution can ive wholly outside of its own generation. The bigotry which has piously shut the st music out of the church is a survival of that ascetic sm which nipped. like killing frost, everything vernal in the eligious life. But as the rigors of bigotry save softened in the growing warmth o general enlightenment, and the love and culture of music have steadily advanced, e church has quietly dropped its old nethods and has unconsciously taken or the new, until to day it may be truthfully said that the best music of the world is laid under tribute for church services. Even the wicked music of the heels is sometimes so judiciously "slowed up" and ubdued in color and punctuated with solemn pauses that staid deacons deco rously, innocently pake to their pews to strains from an opera .- Harper's Maga-

The English Soldier and His Religion On one occasion a man intimated his desire to "change his religion," and was duly confronted with the Colonel. "Now," said, the Colonel, "I hear you want to change the Colonel, "I hear you want to change your religion. What are your reasons? Have you conscientious convictions in regard to the matter?" The man intimated that he had. "And," continued the Colonel, "to what denomination do you wish to be transferred?" Said the ease-seeking Tommy, "I disremeigher the name, Sir; but it's them as parades for church helt an hour later than the others." Possibly he may have had some special reason for he may have had some special reason for his desire. A regimental wag once said to a Chaplain friend of mine, "We call your men the 'cold dinner lot,' Sir." o a Chaplam ...
our men the 'cold dinner account men the 'cold dinner account why?" said my friend. "Because you preach so jolly long Sir, that their dinner's always cold before they get back to barracks." "Indeed," said the Chaplain, "and what may you be?" "Oh, I'm a 'doorstep' man." 'Whatever is that?" 'doorstep' man." 'Whatever is that?" and the 'doorstop' man.' 'Whatever is that?''
asked the bewildered parson. 'Well, Sir,
my lot goes to early service, and the
breakfast bread is as hard as a stone
when we got back.' So there may have been something, after all, that more than meets the common comprehension in the desire of Tommy to parade for church half an hour later.

Atkins has a high respect for his Chap-ain when the Chaplain is "a good 'un'; or, in other words, when he is a manly felow, kindly, tactful, and what he professes to be. Tommy does not like the namby-namby clerks or "sky-pilots," as he some-times terms his spiritual guides; and anything like sham is quickly detected and held in abhorrence by him. For cowdarice, physical or moral, especially in leadership, he has only detestation and contempt. In church he is, for the most part, attentive and devout. He dearly loves a hearty sing: and devoit. He dearly loves a hearty sing; and, given a hymn which calls up memories of early days, and a tune that he knows and likes you'll hear lusty singing that will astonish you, if you are not used to it. Where the regimental band takes part in the service the music at a parade service is servicing to be remembered. is something to be remembered .-The Quiver.

Porto Rico is an utter stranger to emulation, and is not well acquainted with competition. As soon as the highways are constructed it would be wise to divide the island into six or seven districts, with San Juan, Arecibo, Mayaguez, Ponce, Cayey, etc., as the centres of the districts, and institute annual district or county fairs. These people take to carnivals naturally, and I have no doubt that they would be a

How Porto Rico May be Developed,

And if it should chance to agree with our success from the start if properly man-aged. With prizes of money (or a gaudy decoration) it is possible that some little emulation could be cultivated, to the benefit of the quality of the products of the island. Such fairs would bring out (not for sale) a truly marvelous display of women's work, in [aces, darwn work, etc., and also of guava and other dulce. If the

district or county fairs were held Sextua-gesima week an insular fair could be held at San Juan during carnival week, which would well be worth the voyage from the States to see.—Albert W. Buel, in The Engineering Magazine for August.

OFFICERS NOT GENTLEMEN.

English Prisoners Complained of by Women They Insulted.

The British officers in their contempt for their captors behaved in a most unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and, for their own

good, a most foolish manner.

They drew offensive caricatures of the Boers over the walls of the school-houses. destroyed the children's copy books and text books, which certainly was a silly performance and one showing no great sign of valor, and were rude and "cheeky" to the Boer officials, boasting of what their fellow soldlers would do to them when they took Pretoria.

Their chief offense, however, was in speaking to and shouting at the lades and young girls who walked past the schoolhouse. Personally, I do not believe that every one of them misbehaved in this fashion, but it was true of so many that their misconduct brought discredit on all. At last the officers grew so offensive that

HAD PROPOSED TO HER, TOO.



Mrs. Justwed-"I didn't accept Fred the first time he proposed."

Miss Cutting—"I know you didn't."

Mrs. Justwed—"How do you know?"

Miss Cutting—"You weren't there."

a large number of ladies signed a petition a large number of ladies signed a petition and sent it to the Government complain-ing that the presence of the Englishmen in the heart of the town was a public nuisance, and in consequence of this they were removed from their comfortable quarters and sent to the camp.—Richard Harding Davie in Scribner's Harding Davis in Scribner's.

China. Kingdoms and empires, for uncounted years.

The flame of slaughterous enmity have And saturated (ah, the pity of it!) Earth's meek soll with torrential blood and

tears. Yet long ere now, through storm of snarls and sneers,
Through clash of prides, through hate
with vengeance knit.
A shadow, a dream, a phantom exquisite,
The Heal of Peace, hath urged angelic

But you, dull swine of nations, have lolled Turning from progress with contemptuous grin, Wallow in bigotry's worst mire and

Blistering the vast Wall round your vile Pekin. Fate burns the words that blanched Belshazzar's cheek!

-Edgar Fawcett in Collier's Weekly. Norwegians Past and Present.

The hills along the fjords descended sheer into the deep water. There was practically very little ground for grazing or for growing, but, wherever there was a ragged patch of uneven or sloping green- Life.

the water there was always a boat. Very lonely and very far apart were these deso-late farms; and it was clear why men who could not find sustenance from the land embarked on the sea and became rovers, pirates, sea-robbers and marauders. In histories, all Scandinavian pirates are termed "Danes:" but the ancestors of our honest Norwegian friends furnished a large con-tingent of these so-called Danes. In Nor-way the imagination is always impressed and depressed by the terrors of the cruel winters, and how can these widely separated little homesteads provide food or mix n human intercourse, or obtain medical assistance in case of need? One shudders to think how great the sufferings of these isolated farmers, their wives and children, may sometimes be. Can it be that they abandoned such inhospitable dwellings until the circling year brings round the blessing and warmth of summer? In summer, communication is always possible by water, and a doctor could occasionally bring them health and help-but in win-ter! We heard some sad stories of winter

Indian Dector.

misery and want. Now, the Norwegian has abandoned piracy, and is a sea rover only as an emigrant. He goes muchly to America.—Good Words.

A very interesting character frequently met with in the Andes is the Challaguaya, or Indian doctor, as he is familiarly known. You find him everywhere-restknown. You find him everywhere—rest-ing upon the benches of the please in the city, tramping over the mountain trials, sunning himself against the wall of a cabin by the railway station, drinking chica in the market place, inspecting cattle chica in the market place, inspecting cattle in the corral of the hacienda, and curing the sick persons in their mud huts. You find him in the railway cars and among the deck passengers on the coast steamers, where he pays his way by practicing his profession. With no vardrobe but the clothes upon his back and a bright-colored ponche, he travels barefocked from the Isthmus of Panama to Mugellan Strait, carrying a pack filled with dried herbs done up in neat paper packages, cheap jeweiry, pocket handkerchiefs and ribbons, watches and other articles for personal adornment, knives, forks, and spoons, selssors, small mirrors, combs and brushes, sors, small mirrors, combs and brushes, and other small merchandise, which he sells for cash or trades for eggs and poultry, chocolate, beans, and cocoa, to be exchanged at the next town for more portable property.—The National Geographic Magazine.

"Old Ironsides."

(Note.-August 19th is the eighty-eighth anniversary of the famous naval duel be-tween "Old Ironsides" and the Guerriere.) There is a battle-story told

That sets our Yankee blood affame, How down the Massachusetts coast, Full-sailed, a stately frigate came: "Old Ironsides"—the name that shines In history's pages like a star:
"Old Ironsides"—the famous ship
That went to fight the Guerriere.

With billows frothing in her wake, With canvas booming in the breeze, With every gunner at his post, She raced across the tumbing seas. A sheet of flame a mighty rour That shook her bulk from keel to spar

Was, on that sultry August morn, Her greeting to the Guerriere. As when the lightning splits the sky.

As when the powder rives the rock, So broadside on the rolling blue The vessels met in deadly shock. Drowned saliors in the ocean caves Rose to the cannon's ceaseless ja When, deck to deck and rail to rail, "Old Ironsides" raked the Guerriere.

White faces in the plunging foam
Beneath a pall of drifting smoke,
A flotsam on the trainted wave
Of tattered sail and splineered oak,
A swiding eddy on the deep,

And frightened sea-birds screaming far, Together told the thrilling tale Of where she sunk the Guerriere. Though gone to dust this many a year Is Captain Hull, with all his crew.
"Old Ironcides" still rides the waves,
Her ancient timbers sound and true.

God rest in peace the gallant soul Of every brave, immortal tar
Who spread her sails and manned her guns
The day she fought the Guerriere!
—Minna Irving in Lesile's Weekly.

Apparatus Needeu. Mother-Why, Tommy, what are you doing with your shoes and stockings of

Tommy-Studylng my lesson, mama. four times five are, and I haven't got enough fingers, so I've got to count my got to count my toes, too.-Stray Stories.

A Woman's Question.

The Paying Teller-I cannot cash this theck, madam.
She-Why not?
"There isn't enough money here to meet

"Then can't you meet it half way?"-

SHE KNEW



"Didn't Mrs. ones husband die only last week?"

"Yes."
"I saw her yesterday, and she was wearing second mourning."
"S know-he was her second husband."